

## THE CHILD-SEASON.

O sunny life of childhood! blossoming  
To gladden all the world; as if the  
spring  
Were captive made, and your soft  
hair ungrind  
Had netted all spring's sunshine as it  
stirred:  
Your little nest has still its singing  
bird.

O youth! fast learning to be wise and  
vain,  
Whose aims are lofty. In the race for  
gain  
Great things seem possible—and yet  
to-day  
Some grave that is a milestone on the  
way  
Says over the world's loud voice,  
Kneel and pray."

O, hearts that pain has chastened!  
Well ye know  
The song of thankfulness. Ye but  
forego  
Your joy a little while. The leaves may  
yet tell  
Of autumn; yet be brave; ye have  
fought well.  
Weep not; ye know that other fighters  
fell.

O, aged heads that many a Yule-tide  
snow  
Has whitened! Though the time be  
long ago  
Since first ye laughed in childhood's  
golden ray,  
The Child of Bethlehem takes your  
hand to-day.  
God's blessing crowns your far more  
perfect way.

—Chambers' Journal.

## LOVE ON THE WHEEL.

A Biking Romance, By Anne War-  
rington Withrop.

"Then you wish me never to re-  
turn?"

"Never," she answered, with an ef-  
fort that cost her much. There was  
now no doubt in her mind that she  
loved him. If she had ever question-  
ed the fact in those hours of solitude  
when she subjected her heart to the  
severe scrutiny of her reason, now in  
the cold moment of parting she did  
not doubt. He was going to leave her  
forever. True, he was going at her  
bidding, but how could it be other-  
wise? She was a woman of spirit and  
would not be dictated to, and when  
he said she must not ride a bicycle,  
her womanhood rebelled. Love will  
sacrifice much, but not all. The du-  
ties of a fiancée she was happy to  
meet and to perform; the responsibil-  
ities of wifehood, soon to be assumed,  
she was ready to assume; but how  
long can love last when it yields itself  
up a slave to tyranny? Not long, in  
very truth.

"You must not ride a bicycle," he  
had said.

"Must not?" she cried springing from  
his arms, in which she had for the  
moment nestled.

"That's what I said," said he, petu-  
lently. "It will make you round-should-  
ered."

She eyed him angrily for a moment.  
"Round-shouldered!" she cried. "Oh,  
you men, you men! Had I married you  
and grown round-shouldered making  
my own dresses, you would not have  
murmured. Had we gone hand in  
hand into poverty and my shoulders  
grown round from bending over a  
laundry stove, you would have per-  
mitted it; but because I choose to ac-  
quire a humpback riding a wheel for  
pleasure, you use that word—that wicked  
word must to me, who have loved you,  
declined to dance and drive with  
others for you—oh, George, George,  
George!"

"Well, I mean it," said he, calmly.  
"Choose between us—me or the bicy-  
cle—which is it to be?"

She made no answer but walking to  
the porch, rang the bell of her wheel.  
It was his answer, and he realized it.  
"I do not care for bicycling," she  
said, "but I can have no nits in my  
life. Leave me."

He walked out into the night, and  
Parthenia, throwing herself limply  
upon her wheel, pedaled weepingly in  
the other direction, forgetting to light  
her lamp.

George Washburne walked moodily  
down the road which one short hour  
before he had traveled with so light  
a heart.

"Helgho!" he said. "All my life  
shattered in a moment. If she but  
knew how I loved her—if she could  
only have guessed my motive in speak-  
ing as I did—that I wished always  
to be at her side, and that if she rode  
I could not, since, try as I will, I can  
not myself ride a wheel, it is beyond  
me, and yet I have tried to learn and  
can not. In his wife's eyes a man  
should be a hero capable of all things.  
Supposing I had told her of the les-  
sons I have taken in secret at the  
academy, of the dents my head has  
made in the hardwood floor, of the at-  
tendants I have run over and crippled  
and the wheels I have shattered, until  
the manager of the place has told me  
—even as has she—never to return.  
It would have lowered me in her es-  
teem. I can not, can not tell her, and  
shatter her respect for her former  
fiancee."

As he spoke, he reached his own  
front door and was about to enter,  
when his heart grew too full. "I can  
not go in yet," he said. "I will at  
least walk back and gaze upon the  
light in her window."

Pret to melancholy the unhappy  
man fulfilled his destiny. Back he  
walked, gloomily ruminating over the  
future, now so black. Deep in his  
thoughts, he did not notice where he  
was going; he did not notice that he  
had passed Parthenia's house; he did  
not observe that he was ascending  
Coaster's Hill, a half-mile beyond; he  
did not even hear a rumbling noise in  
the distance which would have taught  
him caution. Alas! thoughtless mortal;  
and yet how happily all transpired!  
There came a crash, a thud, a moan.  
George Washburne lay unconscious  
in the road.

Parthenia, Hickworthy stood, hav-  
ing landed on her feet, ten yards dis-  
tance.

Pressing the prostrate man into the  
earth were the shattered remains of

her wheel, its punctured tires entan-  
gled in his feet, its cyclometer heaving  
on its vest pocket, and its left pedal  
grasped firmly in the unconscious vic-  
tim's hand.

It was spring, George Washburne,  
who had lain for three weeks delirious,  
opened his eyes. Reason had returned  
and his right arm had knelt.

"At last," sobbed a fair girl, who  
with his sister sat at the sick man's  
side.

"Where am I?" he gasped.

"Here, George," said Parthenia, for  
it was she—"here. I'll never ride  
again."

"Sweetheart, was it you?" he mur-  
mured.

"It was, George," she answered,  
with a sob. "I had not lit my lamp—  
and I was coasting—and then—then it  
happened. But never mind, my dar-  
ling. I shall never bike again."

"Oh, my love!" he said, grasping her  
hand and lifting it to his lips. "do not  
say that. Bike as much as you will;  
the wheel that I mangled brought us  
together again. We owe it much. I  
will tell why I objected."

And then he told her all; how he  
had tried to learn, and could not; and  
how the desire to be with her always  
had led him to speak as he had. And  
she, imprinting a kiss upon his fore-  
head, comforted him.

"You were right, darling," she said.  
"We will get a bicycle built for two,  
and I will work the pedals, while you  
can sit on the hind seat and whisper  
words of love in my ear."

His answer was a smile, and hap-  
piness once more dawned for George  
Washburne and Parthenia. They were  
wed last week, and the groom's gift to  
his bride was a nickel-plated safety for two, with a  
russet-leather tool-chest and gold wire  
guards to keep her skirts free from the  
wheel.—Bazar.

## ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE BLIND.

Men to Whom the Loss of Vision  
Seemed to be Unimportant.

A unique career was recently  
brought to a close in the suburbs of a  
great American city. It was that of a  
man totally blind from early childhood  
who, by force of an inflexible will, had  
succeeded in becoming a scientific  
anatomist.

Although deprived of sight, he train-  
ed himself by muscular exercise to be  
an athlete. The loss of one sense  
only strengthened his determination  
to preserve all his other faculties in  
the freshness of perfection. His own  
success in muscular exercise brought  
a group of young men around him, and  
before he was 21 years old he was a  
training master for athletic sports of  
every sort. He opened a gymnasium  
with apparatus designed to carry into  
practice theories of his own respecting  
the development of the human body.

He taught large classes, led in ex-  
ercises of all kinds, and performed the  
most difficult feats with unerring ac-  
curacy. His facility in using the ap-  
paratus and moving about the gymna-  
sium was amazing. Visitors could  
hardly be convinced that the expert  
and fearless teacher was absolutely  
sightless.

His gymnasium was gradually con-  
verted into a school of health. By phys-  
ical exercises conducted under his su-  
pervision, he undertook to remedy de-  
formities of the body, and to cure pa-  
tients afflicted with diseases of lungs,  
digestion and disordered nerves. He  
became, in fact, if not in title a physi-  
cian of recognized skill, and applied  
many original theories to the treat-  
ment of diseases, devoting the best  
years of his life to a minute study of  
the mechanism of the human body,  
with a view to remedying the physical  
defects of other men.

Whether it is the blind boat builder  
designing the finest yachts or the blind  
entomologist making scientific discov-  
eries, or the blind statesman discuss-  
ing in parliament the intricacies of  
finance and conducting the laborious ex-  
ecutive department, only the most  
resolute natures can win such vic-  
tories as these.

Mr. Fawcett, when he met with an  
accident in his youth by which he lost  
his sight, was a student with an ar-  
dent ambition for public life. A weak-  
er nature would have given up the  
first fight as hopeless, but with un-  
flinching courage he followed the  
career he had marked out for himself.  
He continued his study of political  
economy by the aid of other men's  
eyes; trained his memory until he  
could carry complex tables of statis-  
tics as easily as other men could read  
the figures from the printed page, and  
achieved great distinction as a uni-  
versity professor and a political lead-  
er. So complete was his conquest of  
infirmary that Mr. Gladstone was the  
only man who could rival him in par-  
liament in the exposition of statistical  
questions.

"I well remember," wrote Mr. Pres-  
cott, the historian, "the blank despair  
which I felt when my literary treas-  
ures arrived and I saw the mine of  
wealth lying around me which I was  
forbidden to explore." He was virtu-  
ally blind, but with unconquerable  
patience he went on with his work  
year after year.

A Phrase Older Than History.

The celebrated Metternich used the  
phrase, "After me, the deluge," as im-  
plying that after him no statesman  
would be able to preserve the peace of  
Europe. But the celebrated mot  
was not original with him, as Mme.  
Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV.,  
who died nine years before Metternich  
was born, was quoted as saying,  
"Après moi le deluge," and the  
wily diplomatist only changed it to  
"Après moi." The idea did not origi-  
nate with her, quick-witted though  
she was. Cicero ascribes it to a Ro-  
man emperor, and Milton supplies the  
name: "They practice that when they  
fall, they may fall in a general ruin,  
just as cruel Tiberius would wish;  
"When I die, let the earth be rolled in  
flames." "Reasons of Church Gov-  
ernment," book I., chapter 5, page 24.  
It was older, however, than Tiberius,  
and is a very ancient Greek proverb.  
Terentian ascribes it to Demosthenes,  
but it turns out only to have been  
used by him as a common proverb,  
familiar to the public even in his day.  
Tiberius is represented as having said:  
"After my death, perish the world by  
fire."—Brooklyn Eagle.

## COMING CONGRESS.

### SOME NEW FACES FOR THE LOWER HOUSE.

Tracey of Missouri. Who Came in on  
Last Year's Floodtide—Taylor of Ohio  
a Very Young Man—Names That May  
Yet Become Famous.

**A** MONG the new  
faces in the fifty-  
fourth congress will  
be found that of  
John Patrick Tracey  
who will represent  
the seventh Missouri  
district in the lower  
house. Mr. Tracey  
came in on the flood-  
tide last November,  
but at the same  
time he had long  
been a prominent figure in na-  
tional politics and in Grand  
Army circles. He was born in  
Wayne, Ohio, in 1836. Reared  
on a farm he secured his primary edu-  
cation in a district school. At an early  
age he removed with his parents to  
Indiana where he attended a country  
school. At the age of eighteen, he  
began reading law and teaching at  
nineteen, moved to Missouri at twenty-  
two, and married at twenty-four. En-  
listing as a private in the Union Army  
in 1862, he was mustered out with the  
rank of First Lieutenant in 1865. He  
was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel  
and enrolled in April, 1865. After the  
war he settled in Stockton and engaged  
in the practice of law, but removed to  
Springfield in 1874 and engaged in jour-  
nalism as the editor of a Republican  
newspaper. He was on the Grant elec-  
toral ticket in 1868; Republican candi-  
date for Railroad Commissioner in 1873;

the gubernatorial chair. But the cam-  
paign which followed was so vigorous  
that when the result was announced it  
was found that the splendid Democratic  
majority of nearly six thousand in 1872  
had been overcome and that Mr. Kulp,  
leading the state ticket by 1,558 votes,  
had been elected by a majority of 894.  
Mr. Kulp was born in Pennsylvania in  
1853, but spent most of his life in  
Shamokin, where he received a common  
school education, to which he added a  
course at the State Normal College,  
Lebanon, O., and Eastman College,  
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He has been in the  
wholesale lumber business since he left  
school and is carrying on a general con-



**ROBERT W. TAYLOR, OHIO.**  
tracting business. He has always been  
an ardent Republican, but was never  
before a candidate for office.  
Robert W. Taylor of Lisbon, Colum-  
biana County, O., Representative in the  
Fifty-fourth Congress from the Eight-  
eenth District of Ohio, was born at



MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

candidate for Elector-at-large on the  
Garfield ticket in 1880, and was com-  
missioned United States Marshal for  
the Western District of Missouri in 1890,  
and served until 1894. He was elected  
to the Fifty-fourth Congress as a Re-  
publican.

Dr. Joel Douglass Hubbard, Missouri's  
representative from the Eighth District,  
was born in the state, and first saw the  
light on the day that Abraham Lincoln  
was elected President. His medical di-  
ploma was won at the Missouri Medical  
College in 1883. He took an early inter-  
est in politics; was elected County Court  
Clerk of Morgan county in 1886, and re-  
elected in 1890. He at present com-  
bines the positions of bank president  
and journalist, the Versailles (Mo.)  
Statesman being under his edi-  
torial control. Dr. Hubbard's suc-

cess is emphasized by the fact  
that the Eighth District is natu-  
rally Democratic, and that his op-  
ponent, Richard Parks Bland, one of  
Missouri's pre-eminently famous sons,  
had represented it for twenty-two years.  
Ever since the formation of the Seven-  
teenth District of Pennsylvania the Re-  
publican nomination for Congress has  
been considered an empty honor, and  
when, a year ago, Monroe H. Kulp was  
nominated to succeed Hon. S. P. Wol-  
verton, who had represented the dis-  
trict so ably, even the party leaders did  
not expect to see him elected. Later in  
the year the Democrats nominated as  
his opponent ex-United States Senator  
Charles R. Buckalew, who in a political  
career of half a century had been de-  
feated but once, and that by the sol-  
id-statesman John F. Hartranft for



J. P. TRACY, MISSOURI.

California's Great Fruit Output.

California's fruit crop in ten years  
has increased sevenfold, and its value  
last year was \$50,000,000—\$10,000,000  
more than the gold mined in the state.  
The experience of California shows that  
the demand for fine fruit is practically  
unlimited.

## Gen. Grant and the Circus-Rider.

The following is an extract from a  
curious Japanese Life of Gen. Grant,  
portions of which are printed in the  
Century for July:

A year and a half later a circus-rider  
entered his village. Desiring to  
see the show, Gurando Kuen, on his  
father's arm, entered the place. Point-  
ing to the horse, he insisted on riding  
it himself. His father consequently  
asked the circus-rider to let his boy  
ride. Gurando Kuen, showing in his  
face perfect satisfaction, rode on the  
neck of the horse and appeared to be  
persuading the horse to go. One day,  
when he was older, he was playing ball  
by his own house, and he accidentally  
broke a glass window of his neighbor.  
Having regretted what he had done,  
he made up his mind, and went into  
the neighbor's house, and excused him-  
self to the lord of the house, saying:  
"I accidentally broke the window of  
thy honorable house. I have no word  
to excuse myself. The only thing I can  
do is to my father tell, a new glass win-  
dow buy, this loss repay. Please ex-  
cuse." This house lord, having been  
much pleased with this child's unusual  
thoughtfulness, without any condition  
excused his sin. Indeed, Gurando  
Kuen's heavenly nature is like a ser-  
pent which has its own nature when  
it is but one inch long.

## BASE BALL SCORES.

**Western League.**  
At St. Paul—St. Paul 11, Kansas City 5.  
At Terre Haute—Terre Haute 9, Detroit 8.  
At Minneapolis—Minneapolis 13, Mil-  
waukee 6.  
At Grand Rapids—Grand Rapids 22, Indian-  
apolis 10.

**National League.**  
At Chicago—Chicago 1, St. Louis 2.

**Western Association Games.**  
At Springfield—Jacksonville 15, Denver 3.  
At Rockford—Rockford 12, St. Joseph 1.  
At Quincy—Des Moines 18, Quincy 12.  
At Peoria—Peoria 10, Lincoln 4.

## MARKET QUOTATIONS.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 6.—Receipts of wheat  
here to-day were not half as much as were ex-  
pected. There was an urgent demand for hard  
wheat, and it sold a cent above Saturday's  
prices. Soft wheat was in fair demand, but not  
quotation higher. Receipts, 31 cars; a year ago,  
28 cars.

No. 2 hard wheat, 66c; No. 3 63c; No. 4, 58c;  
rejected, 52c; no grade, 50c.

Corn sold early at steady prices, but later  
was 1/2 cent lower, following the speculative  
market-down. There was a good demand for  
it, and holders were disposed to sell freely.  
Receipts, 90 cars; a year ago, 46 cars.

No. 2 mixed corn, 46c; No. 3, 45c; No. 4,  
44c; No. 2 white, 45c; No. 3, 45c.

Oats were not as plentiful as for several days  
past. They were rather firmly held and not  
with fair demand. Receipts, 5 cars; a year  
ago, 2 cars.

No. 2 mixed oats, 31c; No. 3, 30c; No. 4, 29c;  
rejected, 28c; no grade, 28c; No. 2  
white, 31c; No. 3, 30c; No. 4, 29c.

Flaxseed—Market steady; August, 98c; Sep-  
tember, 97c.

Corn Chop—Steady, 70c; 72c per cwt sacked.  
Bran—Firm, 50c; 52c per cwt sacked; bulk  
less.

Hay—Receipts, 6 cars. The large offerings  
sold readily at steady prices. Old hay worth  
\$1 above quotations. Timothy—Choice, \$10.50;  
No. 1, \$9.50; No. 2, \$8.50; fancy  
prairie, \$6.50; choice, \$5; No. 1, \$4; No. 2,  
\$3.50; packing hay, \$3.

Priced of broom corn here are as follows:  
Old, short and common, \$3.00 per ton;  
self working, \$3.00 per ton; dwarf, \$3.00  
per ton. New, short and common, \$3.00  
per ton; self working, \$3.00 per ton; dwarf  
corn, \$3.00 per ton.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—The following is the range  
of prices of the grain and provision market on  
the board of trade:

## LIVE STOCK.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 6.—Cattle—Receipts  
since Saturday, 7,097; calves, 1,145; shipped  
since Saturday, 2,144; calves, 370. The mar-  
ket was steady to-day to a time lower.

The following are representative sales:  
40 shipping and dressed beef steers, 1,305... 5.30  
40 shipping and dressed beef steers, 1,296... 5.05  
7 shipping and dressed beef steers, 1,061... 5.10  
21 Texas and Indian steers, 1,102... 5.30  
80 Texas and Indian steers, 1,200... 5.20  
7 Texas and Indian steers, 1,041... 4.30  
83 Western steers, 1,95... 4.75  
34 Western steers, 822... 3.00  
41 Colorado steers, 1,290... 4.05  
12 Arizona cows, 477... 2.65  
2 Texas and Indian cows, 629... 2.60  
11 Texas and Indian cows, 173... 3.50  
1 Texas and Indian cow, 700... 2.00  
3 cows and heifers, 820... 2.90  
5 cows and heifers, 1,008... 2.00  
62 stockers and feeders, 1,210... 4.50  
22 stockers and feeders, 1,279... 4.60  
6 stockers and feeders, 783... 2.30  
2 calves, 255... 1.25  
1 calf, 6... 12.00  
2 calves, 6... 1.00  
1 calf, 6... 1.00

Hogs—Receipts since Saturday, 1,537; shipped  
Saturday, 1,334. The market opened 50c  
higher, but closed weak. The top sale was  
\$1.50 and the bulk of sales from \$1.50 to \$1.70.

The following are representative sales:  
No. 1, 190... 3.50  
No. 2, 190... 3.50  
No. 3, 190... 3.50  
No. 4, 190... 3.50  
No. 5, 190... 3.50  
No. 6, 190... 3.50  
No. 7, 190... 3.50  
No. 8, 190... 3.50  
No. 9, 190... 3.50  
No. 10, 190... 3.50

There was very little done about the horse  
and mule market to-day and the receipts con-  
tinue light, as usual. Values are quoted about  
steady.

## THE REGULAR ARMY.

Regulations for and Requirements of  
Enlisted Men in the Service.

An enlisted man serving on the front-  
ier has opportunities for sport that  
would be envied by hundreds of  
wealthy men, especially in the way of  
hunting and fishing. He plays all kinds  
of outdoor games, is regular in his  
habits, has stated times for meals and  
for sleep, which all tend to the devel-  
opment of his physical powers, and his  
training he receives straightens his  
frame and gives him an easy, upright  
carriage that never leaves him until  
old age lays the weight of its hand  
upon him. The post exchange is fitted  
up with billiard room, lunch counter  
and card room. Only the best grades of beer  
are sold there, and drunkenness can-  
not exist under present restricted rules.  
A pleasant room is always set aside as  
a reading room, where current newspa-  
pers are on file, and in addition to this  
each company usually maintains a  
library. A post school is maintained  
for six months of the year, where he  
may improve his mental condition if he  
desires. He is provided with excellent  
clothing, which, when altered to fit  
neatly, is the nattiest uniform known.  
A drunkard or other questionable char-  
acter may possibly creep in among the  
men enlisted, but he is soon "spotted,"  
and under the law that five previous  
convictions by courts martial are suf-  
ficient to award dishonorable discharge,  
he is soon gotten rid of. It is creditable  
to the army that all men now serving  
in the ranks, except possibly a few left  
over from the old army, are capable of  
reading and writing the English lan-  
guage, that is, in a limited sense. To  
enter the service a man must submit  
a certificate of character from his last  
employer, and in many other ways sat-  
isfy the examining officer that he is a  
worthy young man. If he be intelli-  
gent, his services are sought by the dif-  
ferent department chiefs as clerk, or  
in some other capacity. The new law  
which allows any enlisted man of two  
years' service to apply for examination  
with a view to securing a commission  
has already induced many bright young  
men to enter the ranks. If the people  
can only be prevailed upon to cast aside  
the prejudice which has blinded their  
judgment of the army for the past 20  
years, our young men will be only too  
willing to enlist, and enjoy the benefits  
that accrue during a three years' term  
of service.

## COOL AND REFRESHING.

But the Early Rising Drug Store Clerk  
Did Not Seem to Appreciate It.

The night clerk in a Buffalo drug  
store was awakened about 5 o'clock the  
other morning by two prosperous-looking  
strangers who took seats in front  
of the soda fountain. The clerk sleepily  
advanced to take their orders, which  
judging from appearances, should have  
been for 15-cent drinks at least.

"Can you lend us two glasses of water  
and a couple of spoons?" blandly asked  
one of the visitors.

The clerk's mind was not working  
very clearly and he obeyed.

Then one of the strangers took from  
his pocket a box of lemonade capsules  
which contain citric acid in a powdered  
form and one of which is supposed to  
hold the ingredients for one glass of  
lemonade. He gravely poured the con-  
tents of two capsules into the glasses,  
they were stirred with the spoons and  
the contents slowly absorbed.

The clerk was wide awake by this  
time. "Won't you have some sugar to  
sweeten your lemonade with?" he  
asked, with an attempt at sarcasm.

"No, thank you," replied one of the  
pair. "We carry our own beverages  
with us mainly for the reason that drug  
store drinks are usually too sweet to  
be wholesome."

The strangers had got a block away  
from the store before the clerk was  
able to get his profanity cells in work-  
ing order.

## The So-Called Natural Singer.

The question as to whether or not  
people can become good singers natu-  
rally, by which is meant, without pro-  
fessional instruction, is one often  
raised, writes Frederic Peakes. There  
are, undoubtedly, instances of persons  
of natural genius learning to sing, that  
is, to produce the singing voice prop-  
erly, to vocalize perfectly, and to sing  
with that most artistic essence, good  
style, from imitation of others and by  
their own energies and practice. But  
these cases are unusual. The average  
"natural"—so-called—singer is less  
pleasing as a performer than his  
trained fellow, and he is never an artist.  
To be artistic in accomplishment  
should be the goal for which every  
student of every art should strive. The  
finished performance—using finished in  
its sense of completion, perfection—is  
the artistic performance, and its rarity  
speaks volumes for the lack of contin-  
ued application in humanity.

## She Was Quite Old Enough.

"Be mine," he whispered.

Something in the summer girl's man-  
ner warned him that he was no good.

"Don't say," he hastened to add, "that  
you are not old enough to accept me."

"Mr. Flathers," said the maiden, "I  
had not the least intention of saying  
that I was not old enough to accept  
you. I was about to remark, in fact,  
that I was old enough not to accept  
you."

## Broke a Spell.

At Long Sutton, between Cambridge  
and Boston, in England, a farmer's  
wife recently discovered that an old  
woman in the neighborhood had be-  
witched her. The only remedy was to  
beat the witchcraft out of her, which  
she and her husband at once did, break-  
ing the old woman's wrist before they  
were successful. As they were con-  
vinced that the spell was broken, they  
cheerfully paid a large fine.